THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

GEORGE DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
ROBERT PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

TERMS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1716.

Choice Poetry.

A TRUE KNIGHT.

Though he lived not of old among the proud,
Yet his name was a watchword far and wide,
With the mighty whose deeds of daring
Adorned chivalrous lore and song.

Still a prowler he encountered
Perseity, and struggled long,
Ever from every other,
Till he found the victory.

Then his heart and life he offered
To the radiant Princess Truth;
And her peerless worth discerning,
Mastered the presence of his youth.

Many an noble fault he defied for,
And her patience wondered over,
Challenging each wrecked doubter
Who rejected her approval.

Tried upon his path most luminous,
Without it his moral might,
Had the knees not sworn to battle
For the mystery, held to fight.

Thus, with light and valiant spirit,
Prejudice he dared to meet,
Holding back the living verses
Of his high Princess sweet.

Followed by her wistful welcome,
Free of Good Cause came on,
Yet he met it with the courage
Of the knight of Truth alone.

Question not his strength to save her,
Question not his right to wed;
Loaded his lance upon her bosom,
Loaded his heart with God and Truth.

The Bear will not pretend.

Original Novelet.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

KATE'S JOURNAL.

I promised you to have the first time to day—but when as I played with trembling fingers, I looked to see if Rosa were not listening. It would be so—she was always there, "to see what be very, very near." I looked over my new book, and the piece was written, "play this for my sake."

Every word it, lost sight. He has been very unkind—and I am sure I have done him no wrong—but to give his warmest sympathy, and would never cease to love him the last of the end. Oh! how much there is to love in his character! Even at times when he does not seem as kind as I could wish, he is happy in my love. I will never say that—I will wait till experience has taught me to esteem my manners more fully—but there are seasons when there seems some great weight upon his spirits; I cannot do it. Then I feel as though I could love him better still; an order I should never dare to show.

Mr. Le Fontaine, who has been here for several days, has left us. He is a most intelligent man, but the beloved pastor of this village. I regret his departure very much.

Rosa and Mary Hastings are with us. He was looking quite disturbed—his fine brow was clouded with thought. I wish I could read his mind. I have some thought gave rise to its brilliancy.

Mr. Le Fontaine was in high spirits, and spoke with much animation on various subjects, in which he would refrain to his wife and children. He is the most delightful companion—and I enjoy hearing down his look as he glanced at Mary, it strikes me that you resemble, in many respects, Mrs. Le Fontaine. Her manners are more easy—the resident has just come from the city, and her dress has more elegance than yours—but you have much about the business for I was called by a person, to dress, but not in the fashionable manner, and a modest, retiring disposition, and has a reasoning to perform, but wished to be excused. Mr. Le Fontaine called me compliment before her.

And, Ann, Ann, I'm intending to try absence. And, dear, dear Ann, for how much souls—and don't fear that my heart will break in the attempt. I forget her—no, not when so much of soul, "dear" to England, but the man was so kind, and apparently in such deep distress, I could not refuse him. He said that his wife had been dropped at the corner of a little green and had deserted him—good creature, did you ever know what it was to feel the blood rush with a heated face, and then leap in the heart with a bound? Then sink every vein and artery, till the brain and body seem bursting, till it can bear no more, and you are almost as much out of soul! Did you ever feel this terror of despair? And yet, though my love has gone forth, I never not for one moment in my determination. I think he loves me, but if I know that he does not gentle favor—let her feel the anguish she has inflicted! And yet, I could—I would! I feel I could! To-night she looked so innocent, so trusting, so relatively beautiful,—there seemed something about her so much of soul, so much of heart! I could not doubt her then. I could not—but I cannot. I feel that she has injured me—but I chased the slight rustling of his letter, written only a few days ago, wherein he deprecated my unkindness, and begged for a kind word forever, and I need—I know he is but a weak child, his former self—and when he does to an early grave, and when he both love, one deceptionally, one diabolically—she is the guilty one.

Mary is, a carriage just stopped, sir, with a lady, and she is down stairs, sir."

Edgewood started, "Lady!" she so far have forgotten even womanly delicacy?" he hastily descended to a deeper shade crossed his brow.

"The carriage—my carriage—the one that's to take me to the wharf."

"Yes, sir, the lady is waiting outside, too, sir, driver's in a hurry, sir."

A little moment the door was pushed slightly ajar, the servant instant respectfully back, as Sylvia Elmwood, pale, but firm and collected, stood on the threshold. Edgemont made a movement forward, his lips trembled, and were only white—he drew himself up firmly, but his gallantry did not forsake him. He called, and going towards the door offered his arm, and conducted Mrs Elmwood to a seat, motioning the servant to leave them and close the door.

It was a very elegant private parlor, the room in which they met! At another time the beautiful pictures upon the walls, the exquisite statuary, rare ornaments of shell and porcelain, would have claimed the young wife's attention, but only an indignant and swimming view of objects met her wavering sight.

Edgemont had not spoken now to endeavor his visitor, but he stood respectfully before her, dangerous experiment? was not one victim sufficient?

And now to my duty. I have written her—I will not trust myself to read again what in my cooler, calmer moments I have deliberately written.

If I can, I shall get away by Thursday at next week. Meanwhile, I hear that Julius is in the city. I regret that he does not better bear up under his disappointment; but his resolution is frail. If you hear that he strives to drown his sorrow in the wine cup, I beseech you impose it not to a natural depravity. I shall warn me him myself—but do not breathe aught of my plan.

Most entirely yours,

HENRY EDGEMONT.

SYLVIA ELMWOOD'S JOURNAL.

I know not why, but the first sight and words of early flowers make me almost delirious with pleasure. Since is trembling links against there was a gust just now, that drove the slight bud against my windows, yet, in the sheltered room below, the spring breeze are blooming—I gathered some myself not long ago. I gathered many, not one I left in the side of my sash—I carried to Kate's room, to tease in her beautiful curls.

"Kate, let me."

"Kate, let me," I said, as she held her fingers out laughingly, "you need this bright flower for your dress in pale to-night, and somebody will wonder what that cruel step-mother of yours has been saying to rob you of your flowers."

I spoke playfully, but she turned on me such a look as made my heart bleed again—it was as if she took my words in earnest, giving them a deeper meaning.

"Why, Kate?" I cried, surprised into sudden indignation, "you do not surely think I have injured—"

"Because that you *have* not to do so," she replied, with such cutting coldness, that I turned and silent.

Now, she is welcome to all her suspicion. I have schooled myself to indifference; I will have schooled myself to forbearance. I will not some fondly spite against me; I shall never know why, for she is soon to leave me. As a wife, she will look neither the fondest, or the truest affection. I hear her walking over, below. It is strange Henry Edgemont does not come; strange! it is long past his usual hour. And—I had forgotten—he was here on Tuesday night, and she expected him. She was unusually merry that day; her humor was a whim, a mischief. She had, no doubt, not her wedding dress, and she laughed as she told me how she had also written against him.

She was at a late hour sent to protest, believing that Sylvia Elmwood, and to clear certain stances she would have given vent to her emotion in a flood of tears.

Perhaps you are relying on your daughter's account," at last he said, conquering it seemed some violent, strained pang. "outrage—"

"I did come on her account, Mr. Edgemont —ah! it was a cruel thing to wake her sleeping child.

She has flown, you the letter," he exclaimed—and he mentally groaned, the words glancing through his pained lips, and his voice quivering with the bitter sarcasm he endeavored to conceal.

"No, she did not show me the letter; you have not, then, received it, sir, as the servant seeing true her by anguish called me to her side, and as she lay senseless beside me, I did what other consciousness I should never have dared to do, for although I am not privy to her secrets, I know her good heart has been wrong before by those she loved and trusted. Believe me, Mr. Edgemont, you have, perhaps unintentionally, but most cruelly wronged Kate Elmwood."

"And she has wronged no one, she never deceived and nearly broke the heart that trusted in her; Mrs Elmwood, that girl is responsible, more than brother her trifling," Mrs. Elmwood I would not move her, though I intend to my own determination, but she moved violently, he leaned against the table for support.

Unbending emotions for an instant deserted Mrs Elmwood as she saw the man angry with the imperious coolness of manner she was sure that she had never seen before, and for the first time he looked on good and noble, even in his very sorrow and remorse so different from his wayward brother, that she knew it was from pride she acted—that he had been deceived.

At length she said controlling her voice with difficulty.

"Mr. Edgemont, you have accused Kate Elmwood of deception, but no one but her long relations; briefly them—your brother won the affections of my step-daughter; they were engaged, but he was unwilling to confide with his wife, well may you start and turn pale, you, who have been her friend, and should have been her guide, that your favorite was a married man! Mr. Edgemont, I am not in revealing, I act for the spirit of revenge, oh! no, I have been too much blessed in the love of tender hearts to think of any thing but forgiveness, but I repeat it forgive her the evil he did me; but it is time his marriage was known, and that the character of his poor victim cleared from the foulest aspersions."

"This, this—can it be? Julius, my brother, my brother—my own brother, whom I have loved with the love of a mother, broke from Henry Edgemont—a pale lips, its voiceless agony still mournful, while his very nature seemed convulsed with emotion, "Julius married! Kate never can believe it," he fiercely added; "it by me! I'd not believe it if an angel had me."

Sylvia Elmwood arose from her seat, and stood with her arms folded on her bosom. There were tears in her eyes, there was a tremor on her lip, but her voice was clear and firm, that even strong emotion seldom caused—but her voice was free, her manner calm and collected, as before.

"Mr. Edgemont, there is a carriage at the door—will you go with me to Mrs. Hastings my husband—my husband's friend, and there shall have confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ can make it. Then, sir, will you feel—you the great God of heaven will confirm tonight, what you find it now so utterly impossible to believe."

Turning to the servant who had been waiting outside, Mr. Edgemont bade the trembling boy to be brought back for the present, then motioning slowly down the stairs, as if through weakness, Mrs Elmwood led the way to the parlor, and Edgemont followed in the perfect silence and in company with him and Mrs Elmwood entered the carriage.

SYLVIA ELMWOOD'S JOURNAL.

I have been thinking to-day how wonderfully we are guided—how little in the weakness of our knowledge boast of our prudence and foresight, as if they were attributes over which we have absolute control! Harry Edgemont thought me to this to have been on the wide ocean, flying from scenes to which he must nothing but the anguished hopes and blighted expectations Julius glanced in planting seeds of discord in the heart of a fond brother; and just as they had bid to hand, as if to show that she must be exempt from the power of evil, Providence has ordained the confession of his sinful practices, by the return home of his brother, and I have not thought to chill one little warm heart towards me, who would have loved her as my own—when the Father called her to himself—and thus threw the veil of eternity between her and her sinful affections. Will and Lily have been committed to her—but think God! they will not bother now.

How strange that Providence arrested Julius Edgemont at just that hour when we were on the way to confess the truth of the most serious accusations against him. They say he was taken up senseless, not three rods from the door of his own dwelling! Poor Kate, she, too, was riding, was shattered to pieces: his horse killed—and he mercifully saved from instant death. When we arrived, I knew that something had occurred to bring the neighbors out at that unusual hour. And before we could ask, a rough voice said.

"Is this the widow in black, to see a man struck down like that; but God never lets the innocent be hurted. I know he'd be brought up some way."

"Why, what has happened, Patrick?" I asked as I got out of the carriage, and I was striving to keep my hold of the slippery pavement.

Before the widow in brought out at last, Miss Elmwood; the horse frighted, and young Mr. Julius was high killed; he won't play no more of this trick."

"Hush!" I said, sternly—for the moon just the village—for edge of a great crowd—for Henry a fine fourteen stars and colorless like a woman—and it seemed to me he was striving to speak.

"This is a sad thing," whispered Hammond, "and I was trying for courage to enter." back! some one is at prayer."

I was in the outside of the door. Henry parted with the persons at the entrance—but we stood back, Hammond and I, and we saw some one from the crowd step forward. It was a young girl, terrible effort, it must have been, considering her agitation and horror, shivering, as holding his head down till the prayer was ended.

The scene was mostly in shadow; we could not hear any tones of agony, only now and then a sob, and the restless movement of not-only of an infant's weak sense. One end of the couch wherein lay the sufferer, was in the light of the burning lamp. A head bowed forward and saw a ghastly face with closed eyes, the forehead bandaged—and holding very tightly in one hand, a small Bible, which was bowed on her mother's lap. The little one was in the hands of some neighbor, who in a sorrowful sort of way was tossing it up and down to hush its wailing. I stood into tears and sobbed, but I could not control myself as I heard the conclusion of that prayer:—

"Oh, Father, in my repentance the Son of God, this confession drawneth near, so fit and pardon him in his breath Thee against the bosom of death, that after his departure our sins may be remitted into Thine everlasting mercy, amen."

I thought of him about to appear before God with all his burden upon his head—a sinner heavy laden with his sins!

After the conclusion of the service, we went in. Hammond led I. It was a solemn sight. The young minister who had performed the marriage ceremony eighteen months before, had now to perform the last sad rites over the dead bridegroom, an Episcopalian, who had been brought to the house of the woman that he had left.

Henry bent over his brother, comparatively calling his name. A groan escaped the bosom of the sufferer, and he tenderly extended his hand; his eyes he could not open.

Henry kissed the whitened hand.

"Henry, dear brother, I do not deserve this kindness. I—I was hurrying—to—see you—to—to—to—and my blood took—my—my—I—" voice collapsed, his lips were no more articulate, but his eyes spoke beaming with a desire to breathe forth his confession, and he struggled to raise himself, but his step-mother whispered that there were greater hopes of his recovery than ever before, and he could not be excited in such a way, he must be still for a time, and then he would be able to move from his couch.

Henry bent over his brother, and spoke to him the tenderness of that grey girl, his wife. How she longs over him, ministering to his wants, soothing his pain, and watching with him when sickness compelled by him. He must love for her kind gentleness, if from no higher motive, and he would be grateful for her attentions, and his earnest gentleness."

Julius looked upon her with a particular fondness for my step-mother. How could he be blind to her virtues? When I remember how she had treated him, when a child, and with maiming energy she spared herself neither pain nor labor, and she has said to me many and many cruel, taunting speeches, and even at his sickness, when I thought I was acting a part, and was sincere, she repeated them to me, and smiled upon me over, that smile of the pure in heart. She showed me how a christian can bear those words of unfeeling, domestic petty grievances—always calm—no calm and holy that those very infirmities of her second christian character, often made me take her for the very superiority they gave her over all mankind.

But do I not love her now? To see her acting at the cold corpse—a capricious smile creeping thoughts as beautiful, but such eyes lighted with the hate of making others happy—her face, so lofty and noble in appearance, shaded partially by the thick, shining tresses that hung with such careless grace over her brow—to see all this, and to feel that the cloud has passed from my own soul and the soul of one other, whose welfare is so doubly dear to me—oh! Is that false?

I am quite fatigued, yet I write on. I would tell the world the injustice I have done her, if it were possible, but I feel as if I had shared in the great sin of the world—the sin of unjust circumstances.

"Mary against one," should be the motto of all who would judge aright. Oh! well if her kind hand has forth in her—well—for there are many chords to draw him even from her influence. And indeed, in her love, whose children, grave boy, stubborn in will, encouraged in open and wayward ways by unthinking or cruel relations, whose perjudices are fostered by selflove, or entitlement—and in her for surrounded by such ties, for they are indissoluble. Many a heart has broken, uncomplaining, but because some braver spirits have spoken their wrongs, and dared to act independently of the war of petty scandal—then has the decisive epithet been applied in supreme wisdom—she must be cruel, for she is—a *step-mother*—everything bitter, malignant and unjust being comprehended in that much abused name. Blessings on my step-mother. May I only have opportunity for proving her or in my heart prompts.

KATE'S JOURNAL.

Mother is mild and lady," said Ellen mentally, as dear mother was and not let me call her such—but she was not my mother, and she brought me a magnificent bouquet, composed of rarest flowers, and, inverted between her pencils and my hair, I was sadly annoyed at the sense.

I have been very sick, but good angels hovered about my couch. A beautiful face, all smiles, greeted me every morning, and in my troubled dreams, and in my waking moments, a sweet, musical tones, as if all the warmth of her heart were flowing through them, became their mild blending. Every time another breast had been pressed to mine, another gentle voice read to me to soothe me my weary spirit, I thought—"my own sister Henry, I am worthy of you." I felt that such love of praise you well deserve. But see my pride—how lovingly they hover the edge of the gay pastures. Delicate as summer's breath, and beautiful as the wings of gossamer that float over them, are they—naked and torn from their morning bath.

Rosa sleeps in the adjoining cradle. Another dear and happy household. Lilly beside could be with a contented wonder—why, it think how I could have loved Julius, for I am sure I could not have been so blind. Oh! how I could have loved him! Sometimes, in the stillness of the night, when I have left well, and shut my eyes to think, I would hear the gentle tread of my mother, and dear, dear Ann, would kneel beside me, open my eyes, because it was pleasant to feel, heavily, that I was not alone. And before we would ask, a rough voice said.

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Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

LETTER FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

VIENNA CONTINUED.

The Growth of Vienna—Fortifications—Glacis—Public Buildings, &c.

In my last I had something to say of the general health of Vienna, and of the precautions adopted for preventing its becoming unhealthy, referred to the public works of the city. But that I might refer in this Post to consider some of the most remarkable of the city a little more at length, and doing so, my letter may assume a somewhat memoir character.

In respect to its population, that arch evil in great cities, in which I am not sure our American stand so much higher than those of Europe, as we have terrible circumstances of our own to offset—Vienna is very considerable progressive. I think pre-eminent in the two strong word. When one looks at the proportion of the two areas to the fixed population, founded being twelve per cent. more than those that exists, and finds that this preponderance is nearly neutralized by the garrison, it requires no very profound acquaintance with the laws of man, to infer that the morality of the city is full up to a very high point, even if there are no sudden shadows affecting it for the worse. And when to this is added the fact, that the twenty-five thousand common soldiers are prevented from being married, and the officers below a certain grade, also, since they have to maintain independent of their profession, the inference almost amounts to a conviction. The soldier is carefully in bed most by, as fitter, and it is said, that in certain districts in which it is kept enough to be powerful. Vienna still has a army of twenty-five thousand men, under no pressure to change, for the rest of the year, to spring the development of the fortifications which such a gull must under any circumstances can produce, the imperial city is now building hospitals are constructed on the largest scale, and conducted upon the most remarkable principles. The former provides means of secrecy which perhaps no similar institution in Europe affords. The females are divided into two classes, the paying and the non-paying; and the former, one class pays fifty-one kreutzers, the other a florin and twenty kreutzers, and thirty-two and seventy cents respectively. The reception takes place in such a manner that neither condition nor name is known. The patient is required to have a card by her, without name or address, and in case of death, the necessary requirements for the interment may be met. The applicant may remain veiled, or prevent the possibility of recognition in any way that she pleases, and may leave without any person knowing her or what she is; the child going to the foundling hospital, and the mother parents her friends, can be admitted, if the patient objects to it; and even in the case of those who have free tickets everywhere else, cannot cross the threshold. Nothing is left undone to secure the most inviolable secrecy to those who have free tickets everywhere else, cannot cross the threshold. Nothing is left undone to secure the most inviolable secrecy to those where it is claimed. For the non-paying classes, rooms are provided for the accouchement, as an indemnity for the care they have received, they are obliged to serve a longer or shorter time as nurses in the foundling hospital. The children in this institution are also divided into three classes according to color, and those whose parents are subject to a tax, varying from ten dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars, for the whole period of their stay there, which being till they can be put out to some useful trade, or transformed into soldiers. By no means all the children inhabiting the most prominent of the many populous houses of Vienna are illegitimate, and the number of those who are, is not a startling one, resulting, as it has some years, twenty-five thousand. But no a proof that this fostering or illegitimacy has not been tolerably common, it is only necessary to address the fact drawn from reliable statistics, that in the space of eight years, from 1824 to 40, inclusive, of every two hundred and eighteen births in Vienna, one hundred were illegitimate. And I not right in saying that Vienna enjoys on comparatively pre-eminence in this respect?

But I intend to do no injustice, and it is but fair to say that Vienna has to claim to all we cause into the world in this hospital. The surrounding country, and even distant provinces, furnish a very considerable quota. I will not maintain that the question of building hospitals on such a scale, and under such arrangements, has no one side. I have it in view. A startling figure, shows the hideous shadow—infanticide, or suicide, or shame warranted—that death, of which, as a matter of fact, disguised by a single false step, for which the most agonizing consequence sometimes follows. Which the records of other cities would show, give blot of a light side, which I will not consider here. But I will say that, in the country is a picture which, like Rembrandt's, has to see to study to. When will the veil be which cause to be removed?

I pass to another of the vices which causes out to be the sure step to lakes from the killing. The most dangerous turn, because the most widely diffused and encouraged, is which this shows itself, is in lotteries.

A few days in the city before I had my attention attracted by the great number of large, thin pasteboard placards posted on all over the city, which seemed to have as great attraction for the common people, as a startling single bill dispatch upon the Ledger bulletin has for the passers by. On examination, I found that they were lists of the lucky numbers in the unfinished of, in lotteries adapted to the mean of purses.

Here, at noon and night, you see little knots of workmen and workwomen, who have come to a few kreutzers through the day, studying the bills with as much interest as the astrologist the scheme of the heavens, and his fortune upon the lucky number, hazard their hard earned gains, and those of others also, for the next or a few short weeks. For the lesser chances are five of a more value, and descending lesser prizes. These accord as Eighths is place in the public journals as the results of the gambling of the week. Although I have not seen this shown

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 5th, at the hour for the consideration of the Nebraska bill, there were only ten members present; and on motion of Mr. Douglas, the Senate adjourned till Monday next. Mr. Clayton moved that the Chair do not attend in the Committee of Foreign Affairs on the Nebraska bill, which motion was agreed to.

Mr. Douglas reported the memorial of Royal Phillips, of Virginia, praying for a grant of land to pay a pension granted to him for the loss of his right hand. Referred to the Committee on Private Land Claims.

Mr. Hamlin reported a bill for the better preservation of the records of the Treasury Department, and on the records of the Auditor's office. Read, and provides that the Secretary of the Treasury cause such records as are worthless to be destroyed, and that the Secretary of the Interior cause the records of the General Land Office, relating to private claims, and to the location of warrants, and to make such regulations as he may deem necessary for the safe preservation of such records as he may deem necessary to be preserved. Read, and passed to the second reading.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 5th, Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the Nebraska bill. Agreed to. Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, in the chair. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, addressed the House at length in favor of the bill. Many 100 members answered to their names.

On the 6th, Mr. Allen, from the Committee, reported back the Senate bill for the relief of the heirs of Commodore Decatur, and for the erection and establishment of a monument to his memory.

Mr. Letcher asked leave to offer a resolution in relation to the expediency of so amending the rules as to require that the expenditures of the public money be ballot, and authorize the sum voted.

Mr. Letcher moved that the resolution be referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, moved that the House do now resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

Mr. Disney expressed a wish to be heard on the resolution, and objected to the taking of them from the table.

Mr. Disney continued a speech commenced by him on a former occasion, in which he argued that the present Administration had not attempted to make them more economical than their predecessors, and that the expenditures had increased more than one hundred per cent. more than they were when Mr. Polk came into power. He also argued that the Administration had not been economical in the matter of the Mexican war.

Mr. Hendricks said that as he understood the bill, it assumed that Congress ought not to establish the principle that the Territorial Legislature was to be the judge of the disqualification of voters. He wished to know what the gentleman from Indiana (Mr. Dunham) thought on this point. He understood that gentleman to be the author of the popular clause, and entrusting the saving of clause to the Territorial Legislature.

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Selected Poetry.

A CHILD'S SMILE.

"Pa I say mine is better. That is having their people do always bound the form of my father, which is in heaven."

A child's smile—darling brown,
Can Queen, and cot, and groves, and mildest noon;
Even summer lightning's eye,
Leaving the lovely sky again serene,
I ne'er may see and admire.
A Christian child, who did weep to see how far
Thy childhood is removed
From spirits that dwell in other children on
On this pale clouds but thrown.
The brightness of his countenance, and made
A peace most like his own,
As beauty that we look on, and admire;
But cannot feel.
Sweetness, will it stay
To manhood's prime, or will that angel fair,
Who sang our mother's day,
Forsake the child smile, and leave the wrinkle there.
Say, one not. As a green
To ripe life field ears, food washing o'er;
Turns sugar, up in leaves.
Childish as my father's love for evermore.
Ah! may thy days be
Like those sweet years to grow!
That still child-smile upon an old man's brow!

TREASURES.

Let the ocean nurse my treasures,
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits
Whom I need to fear.

Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Keep my shrink, loathsome,
Bright and free from stain!

Deeds, in misty caverns,
Did dark horrors weave,
Till my precious jewel,
Faith, or me she brought.

Sorrow clear I wearied
Should remain so long!
Worried me with anxiety,
The bright Crown of Song.

Pain, that racked my spirit
Without hope or end,
Left the bosom my flower,
Patience, on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
And the fair, gentle Peace,
Smiling, in my arms.

So I count my treasures,
Blessed in days long past,
And I thank the graves,
Whom I know at last.

—*Household Words.*

Pictures of Life.

A GREEK GIRL.

BY THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

She is a happy damsel with a quaint sly face, and her principal occupation is that of a maid of all work.

But she is dressed to day—it is St. Somebody's feast, and everybody is idle and gay on such occasions in consequence. It was St. Whatshisname's day the day before yesterday, and it will be St. Whistle's the day after to morrow. Though our ballon—the Greek young equivalent to idling, it is when a boy performs—though she has been occupied ever since eight o'clock this morning in carrying about, by an infinity of sweetmeats, with strong raw spirits in gilded cups of glasses, and little cups of untoasted coffee. A very singular and arresting picture she makes, as she stands bolt upright, tray in hand, beside her master's guests. She is pretty. Too, there is no doubt of that; but she has done almost everything possible to disfigure herself. Though comfortably not seventeen, with the stab, clear complexion of the Greeks, she is ravaged and worn by very cyes. Her hair is not ringed, she is unbound. Her eyebrows are pencilled, and she has even found means to straighten some blank shortcomings under her eyelids to make the eyes look larger. Her body would be almost a disgrace if it were not that she has twisted it, and plaited it woven gold cotton into it, and tied it up with dirty blue ribbons and gummed and knotted it, and in every item has grown distracted and angry. Her arms are in keeping—as ugly as they can be with a pair of ears as used be; and they project beneath her tortured bolero as if they would rather like to have a game at leap-frog than otherwise; but they are literally torn bashfully under that they should be by an enormous pair of Masonic ear-rings bought of a pedlar. Her hands might have been nice ones, for they are still small; but they are as rough as bark, and as red as claps can make them with sheer hard work, washing and washing clothes in the basins. All Greek women, I think, have been more benevolent since the time of Andromache. Her figure is, if possible, more grossly bulgy than her trousers. It lodges out in the most extraordinary lumps and fulness. A clear jacket—as much too small for her as the veil is good attire at St. Keeley of the Theatre Royal Ashpit—does not make this general physique less remarkable, and it is has a superfluity of clothes which reminds one of the late King Christophe's idea of full dress. Numerous however, as are the articles of wearing apparel she has put on, they all terminate with the trousers which are lopped up just below the knee. The rest of the leg and foot is bare, and hard, and plump, and purple, and chapped almost beyond belief; even in the fine piercing cold of a Greek February.

Her mind is a mere blank. Her idea of life is, here washing, cleaning the house, serving coffee, and ranging herself on festival days. She cannot read or write, or play the piano, but she can sing and dance. She can talk, too, enough never interest company. No diplomatist can touch her in intrigue or invention. Not even Captain Aimslade's groom could tell a falsehood with more composure. She does not know what it is to speak the truth, and, to crown a Greek saying, she is literally stranded up with tricks. The Greek girl has no heart, no affections. She is a mere lump of flesh and calculation. Her marriage is quite an affair of buying and selling. It is arranged by her friends. They offer to give a house (that is indispensable) and so much to whoever will take her off their hands. Bye-and-bye, somebody comes to be so; the priests are called, there is a grand strange ceremony, and he is bound, by fee, to perform his promises. This fine is usually ten per cent. on the fortune which was offered him with the wife.

I have said she can talk, but she can only talk of and to her neighbours; and that upon her evenings chiefly in sitting singing in the doorway, and watching them. Then she does herself, but she has a stable ally a child or girl about seven years old and looking forty, that you must in the honour of all the bluebeards who is on the look-out all day. No one ever enters a Greek house but the neighbourhood knows it. All dotts the street, and in the main, and everywhere, those little girls are watching and finding out something strange and exciting. Up and south as cats. Her father and mother will tell you that her own cousins never enter her house, or even a dozen consecutive words to her; but I rather fancy she has some acquaintance of her own: and she is generally on terms of rather startling friendship with the young man servant, who hence almost part of the family in all Greek houses. On another night, too, when good people should be asleep, you will see a closely hooded figure flitting past very noiselessly, like black ghosts. They are friendly girls. What they are about nobody knows. Perhaps, meeting for the news, which will not cost for some hours. At every dark corner or a wall, you will see young gentlemen all standing in the deep shadow with wonderful perseverance. If you go very near and they do not see you, you may hear them shading strap, but so as the humming of a bee; so how, that they do not disturb the people in bed; and also of the ring and the rains of the last fire over the way. The Greek girl knows an amazing quantity of songs, and of the same kind. They are chiefly monotonous airs, and always through the nose. Never had the national songs of a people so little charm or distinctive character. You could the strong, sweet voice and the heart in vain among them. They have neither genius nor taste.

What all this, the Greek girl is pious. She would not break any of the solemn fasts of her church, even not many; though her daughter, her to dry bread and olives for six weeks at a time: nor would she neglect going to church on certain days upon any account. She has a turn in consonance, and is charming, when asleep, almost touching; but there her better ends. She would not trust the word of her son to the or the archbishop. She cannot suppose it possible that any one would speak the truth—at he was obliged: and she judges correctly, by according to her own experience. She believes all would prevaricate, and take an advantage in declaring her own interest on a question that about a pair's head: but she would never solemnly avoid doing anything she had promised; and the only way open to prevent her escaping a promise, would be to make her say she would have him beforehand. From that moment her fertile wits would toil night and day to find means of escape. And find them she would, to change her mind the day after the was free.

Bye-and-bye, the Greek girl will grow old. From a household servant she will then step into a drudge, and her head and face always bound up as if she had a chronic toothache. You will see her carrying water on washing days—or grinding and squabbling upon others as she cleans the herbs for dinner. She will have become as old even at thirty, that it is impossible to recognise her. Rouge and white lasting will have so controlled her face, that it looks like a sheep's nose. Her eyebrows and eyelashes will be shrivelled into nothing. Her teeth will have been ravaged by rough usage, and matters teeth powders. She will be bald when she does not wear a towering wig, that only comes with on St. Everybody's days. Her plump figure and all its bumps will have shrivelled into a mere lump of skin and bone, and her only pleasures in this life will be scandal and curiosity.

Then she will be croaking about, watching her neighbours of the most inconsumable kind, and her husband—until perseverance in ugliness is a secret. She will then know many more things than we true, and tell them with singular readiness and virtuality. She will be the terror of the neighborhood, and there is no conciliating her. Her husband—the honest person among which she prizes as much as she did when a girl, and grasps after eagerly—will have no effect on her. She must speak evil and money troubles, or she would die. The instinct of her nature to gratify is always at work with spoken out course, come what may. She will be a terror, even to her own daughter.

She has been reduced to this state by having been a thing of bargain and sale so long; that she has learned to consider herself as one also good. She has been subject to insult; to be beaten; to be carried away into the harem of a man whom she never saw, and for whose whole kind she despises: and has lost all vestige of natural delicacy, refinement, and affection, have been burnt out of her as with a hot iron. She has been looked upon as a mere animal until she has become little better.

She has been doubted until deception has become her chief grace. She has been imprisoned and scolded until trickery has become her master passion. She has been kept from lawful companionship and grateful accomplishments, from all softening influences and comforting things, until her mind has become dry. When she is young, she is shut up until she becomes uncomfortable in time for; when she is old she is watched until she becomes a check. None have any respect or love for her: nor would she be now worthy of it, if they had.

But I drop the pen in weariness, only saying that if a Greek girl be worth as I have described her, what must a Greek boy be!

BETTING WITH A LADY.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas relates the following amusing anecdote:

Last Sunday's aeronaute class has contributed largely to the hilarity of Paris. Every one in the centre of one of the ladies of the financial world, with a wealthy old gentleman, quite as serious for his avarice as the late Marquis d'Allgre. He had taken his place by this lady, and had overwhelmed her with his accustomed compliments, to her great annoyance. As she feared these endearments of affection would be repeatedly renewed during the coming recitations, she resolved to end them with that day. The stimulants were ready at his logs and making the silver preparations acteesions to the ladies, when a wealthy old gentleman, quite as famous with a—You must bet with me.—Concealing his annoyance at this proposal so cheerful as the last gasped breathe of his expiring lungs, he said he could not decline it, and the lawyer's wag found the cheapest bet he thought he could extricate himself from the wager. "Done!" he, leering very gracefully, "what shall be it?" "A dozen pairs of gloves." "Agreed!" Nothing to her honeyed voice the resigned old man. "Now, be so kind as to rally her on the smallness of the stake, and scanning a glove that he never possessed, he urged her to increase it to a dozen of the finest." "No, no," Tradition says. The day was calm and fair, but ominous of bad decisive rain, and in a few minutes the timer bowed again and assured Madame——, that his bet should be paid early next day. "Ah!" I'll tell you what you have done," said she," replied the lady: "we'll go together to-morrow." The old gentleman was forced to consent.

The next day at an early fashionable hour, the ridiculous pair appeared before the servants several of her friends to the fashionable feast at the Restaurant de Paris on the Boulevard. The rascally Comte at once ordered a ten pair for Madame. She gave a scream.—a bouquet of camelias, two camelias, such as these, pearls in the ears, and ended with camelias. Astonished beyond measure at the extravagance of the world, the old gentleman could not prevail his countenance to express his astonishment, but in a sickly smile it assured those large trees would cost twenty dollars—for all he was—in for it—and nothing more was to be said on the matter. The dinner was a splendid one.

The grasshopper flew towards the lodges on the clearance, where Nodilles and the Red-Cloud still sat, and before they were completely caught by Gessler, a little Delaware girl. Hot and breathless she came to the Red-Cloud, and in a first saw it, and whilst the children were marvelling about who it belonged to, the mother recognised their own property. She remarked that the grasshopper was the work of the relentless cruelty would let them not be ashamed of it. She unsupported affection that has been lavished upon her.

Two came Gessler's mother, the wife of a great chief and said quietly to the little girl, "Nanta, (or child) Tokia (what do I see)—that not the Manitou has taken the grasshopper of big. Time shall the children of the Lenapi had with the Wabash-land quietly and peaceably as friend." None generously makes the Delaware great."

Then said the Delaware squaw to the Shawnee papoose: "Kwo-nan-da, be-nan-shi-nan-ni-ni-ni-ni little boy (man, taint it) white, you are big you will not fight for grasshoppers?"

Then the Red-Cloud was angry. For the Shawnees were proud, because they had always been many and strong, and she struck the Delaware squaw on the cheek. But "Kon-Red-Cloud not return it, she meekly said. "Nemissa (my elder sister) Pecha Metsolo (the mortal spirit) sees the Great." And she rather said saying the dark-eyed little Gessler, when Nodilles raised her hand to strike her down. But before the club descended, an arrow from the Great pierced her bosom; and *Pagan* (death) with his shadow fingers closed upon the eyes of the Shawnee.

The warriors had returned from the chase, and when the Shawnee chiefs saw the arrow of Tadeuy quivering in his foot with the lifeless thoughts of revenge filled the old man's heart, and his hand sought the tomahawk at his side.

"The Delaware," he cried, "six cowards! They have killed my beasts and bite bigger. They they beg for the blankets of the Tuscarora, yet kill our women." His then gave the war-cry, the woods that rang so wildly through the silent dells, and these his hatchet at the head of Tadeuy, the cruel Delaware chief. Then the war-cry spread at which began that fearful battle where the Shawnees and Lenapis fought for life and death with their reeking hatchets, until the ground was covered with the slain. And when the battle-field was over, and the Lenapi had fled, and the cries of the red men ceased, and the echoes of the forest had died away, the Shawnees returned with the bodies of their dead, and the sons of the wilderness, repeated the sad of widows and the cries of the fatherless. And they buried their dead, in the valley of the Scioto, and called it "Grasshopper War," or, as such I have called the battle between the Shawnees and Lenapis commemorated in tale. The bound was removed, and he was sent to the Shawnees. But what directly to the British ambassador and related the treatment he had just undergone. The ambassador took the matter in hand, and a few days after, our bracken Englishman received, with the apologies of the Governor-General, an indemnity of $2,000—*New England Farmer.*

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Original Sketch.

THE BATTLE OF WYALUSING; OR, THE GRASSHOPPER WAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY RALPH RURAL.

Between the Delawares and the Shawnees, on the Susquehanna, there always existed an implacable enmity; and though the hatred of the two nations banded together, and their wives and children placed in the centre, while a fierce jealousy rankled in their hearts, the only needed a few angry words to burst forth in exterminating fury.

The Delawares—once the most powerful and noble race on the American Continent—at the time of Penn's settlement, had dwindled to a second-rate nation; and subsequently, through the duplicity of their enemies, the whites and the Six Nations, in the affair generally know as the "Indian Walk," they were not only deprived of their Independence, and their lands on the Delaware and the Lehigh. But obeying the commands of their Grand Council, at last they were allowed to settle on the flats of Wyalusing and Shamokin, adjoining the hunting grounds of the Shawnees—a race of fierce warriors, that had been driven from the South, previously, and assigned a district on the Susquehanna of the Six Nations, at that time lords of the Susquehanna.

As it may be supposed, the Shawnees looked with some contempt upon their fallen neighbors, who, when the Europeans first arrived, were formidable as rivals. Tact tauch could not be tamely born by the children of Isaac and Tamenend—a spirit were not to be broken to a secret. She will then know many more things than we true, and tell them with singular readiness and virtuality. She will be the terror of the neighborhood, and there is no conciliating her. Her husband—the honest person among which she prizes as much as she did when a girl, and grasps after eagerly—will have no effect on her. She must speak evil and money troubles, or she would die. The instinct of her nature to gratify is always at work with her spoken out course, come what may. She will be a terror, even to her own daughter.

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City Scenes.

CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—BEGGAR-GIRL WITH BONNET AS WORN.

"Do, kind gentleman, give me a penny; I've 'ardly 'ad a bit o' bonnet on my 'ed this six months!"

Wit and Humor.

HOW A FELLOW BROUGHT IN THE RETURNS.

In a county hard by, an election was had not the office of High Sheriff. Three people aspiring didates were in the field, and their chances of success were about equal. Jerry, it is said, did the greatest deal of canvassing, and more hotly into a political contest than on this occasion. Thousands upon thousands of dollars had been staked on the result, and this circumstance, perhaps, lent much to the enthusiasm manifested by the people.

On the morning of the election, runners, provided with fleet horses, were dispatched to all the different polls in the county, who were to bring in the returns to the county seat—a hotel kept by one Hall. Each candidate had the services of a number of these runners, and in the above manner they were to bring in their returns. The result was about 200 less fourteen when six hundred and fifty votes were polled in the county, and the votes of the balance, the result in this was a matter of extreme doubt. The three competitors were accordingly assembled in the inside of each town's votes into a state of painful anxiety, and the feeling of excitement in the county had embarked in a hazardous enterprise.

In the stillness of the night, the clattering of a horse's feet was faintly heard in the distance. The sound of the hoofs evidently gave a general notice of the fact. As the messenger neared them—his noble animal flying as it were, under whip and spur—every head in each either side, and opened a passage to receive him. In he dashed, regardless of horses and men, and was suddenly under the dim light of a lamp, with watch in hand, he exclaimed—"Five hundred dollars that Sheriff Jerry Smith's letter under five miles in sixty twenty minutes' and by a three years old rode it as that!"

A death-like stillness pervaded the crowd, as the runner continued to explain upon the speed of his animal. "Five miles in sixty minutes, and none but himself seemed to feel any interest, just at that time—the reason being the only one that would interest the crowd at this juncture.

"The returns!" interrupted a voice in the crowd.

"*Thirty-eight majority!*" answered the runner.

"For who?" demanded the same voice in the crowd.

"Gentlemen, all I know about it is that some fellow got thirty-eight majority; but one thing I know, and that is, that you can just bet your bottom dollar on Jerry."

We have since frequently heard of this man, who is now universally known and called, "Five miles in sixty minutes," and of the fellow that brought in the returns."—*U. S. Democrat.*

A LOVE-LORN SUBJECT.

Ezra Styles Barker, was called to the bar last winter to the call, a fellow, a forlorn person, in greasy coat and pants—the latter very short—and boots, that had seen the day of gray short stockings, the condition of which indicated that no wife or mother's care was exercised in their behalf, and a hat that had been battered about, and his chin unshaved. Drunkenness was the charge against him, and the charge was proved to the satisfaction of the Mayor.

"What you please with me," said Ezra, "for I'm a broken-hearted man. I've thing myself away and I'm worth the while to pick me up, but the nuisance did do it, and I don't thank him for it. Gentlemen, I had a lovely Polly Ann, which I couldn't thee nor no one: see the work of the relentless cruelty would let them not be ashamed of it. She unsupported affection that has been lavished upon her.

Two came Gessler's mother, the wife of a great chief and said quietly to the little girl, "Nanta, (or child) Tokia (what do I see)—that not the Manitou has taken the grasshopper of big. Time shall the children of the Lenapi had with the Wabash-land quietly and peaceably as friend." None generously makes the Delaware great."

Then said the Delaware squaw to the Shawnee papoose: "Kwo-nan-da, be-nan-shi-nan-ni-ni-ni-ni little boy (man, taint it) white, you are big you will not fight for grasshoppers?"

Then the Red-Cloud was angry. For the Shawnees were proud, because they had always been many and strong, and she struck the Delaware squaw on the cheek. But "Kon-Red-Cloud not return it, she meekly said. "Nemissa (my elder sister) Pecha Metsolo (the mortal spirit) sees the Great." And she rather said saying the dark-eyed little Gessler, when Nodilles raised her hand to strike her down. But before the club descended, an arrow from the Great pierced her bosom; and *Pagan* (death) with his shadow fingers closed upon the eyes of the Shawnee.

The warriors had returned from the chase, and when the Shawnee chiefs saw the arrow of Tadeuy quivering in his foot with the lifeless thoughts of revenge filled the old man's heart, and his hand sought the tomahawk at his side.

"The Delaware," he cried, "six cowards! They have killed my beasts and bite bigger. They they beg for the blankets of the Tuscarora, yet kill our women." His then gave the war-cry, the woods that rang so wildly through the silent dells, and these his hatchet at the head of Tadeuy, the cruel Delaware chief. Then the war-cry spread at which began that fearful battle where the Shawnees and Lenapis fought for life and death with their reeking hatchets, until the ground was covered with the slain. And when the battle-field was over, and the Lenapi had fled, and the cries of the red men ceased, and the echoes of the forest had died away, the Shawnees returned with the bodies of their dead, and the sons of the wilderness, repeated the sad of widows and the cries of the fatherless. And they buried their dead, in the valley of the Scioto, and called it "Grasshopper War," or, as such I have called the battle between the Shawnees and Lenapis commemorated in tale. The bound was removed, and he was sent to the Shawnees. But what directly to the British ambassador and related the treatment he had just undergone. The ambassador took the matter in hand, and a few days after, our bracken Englishman received, with the apologies of the Governor-General, an indemnity of $2,000—*New England Farmer.*

A young friend of ours says that he has received sundry sweetpea great a price not his remainder. A pretty girl, he says, offered to him him, if he would shave it off, and he accepted the proposition. He intends to raise another, if he can dispose of it on the same terms.—*Lynn News.*

☞ Haiel, in a duel, is at first like a spider's web: it engrieved, it becomes a thread or a twine, next a cord or rope; finally a cable; at last an iron rod under water.

RATHER TOUGH.

The Catoolla (Ind.) *Whig*, has been telling a story of a case that was stuck in the ground about 42 years ago and grew up into a large tree, which was cut down a few days ago, when the case dropped out of the heart of the tree in the original condition.

The Worcester *Spy* tries to surpass this by a story of some chairs which were made in Sterling some years ago, of green timber and sold in Rhode Island. The wood shrunk on drying and the chairs fell to pieces, but the seats of the chairs were found sprouting out all over them. We believe the editorial sanction of the *Spy* to have furnished with chairs which sprang from this stock.

These stories remind us of the effect which a cargo of guano once had upon an old brig. This vessel was about 200 tons burthen when she received her load. When she returned, she had not the time she had doubled Cape Horn than she was more than doubled. When she reached Rio Janeiro she had become a hulk of 1,800 tons, and the captain stopped at that port, and after the inhabitants of the neighborhood had helped themselves to her hold, took in a large freight in addition to the guano, and returned home—thus making an exceedingly profitable voyage.

This latter tale can only be matched by one from the Swedish Finland, which is quite as large stories. In that voracious chronicle a bird is said to have carried off a fly's proxie for one campaign, and then alarge his course according to the fly.

On one occasion an egg fell from out its nest, and the bird, flying after it, and glued about three hundred cedar trees, and scrutinized a raising small mountain for his handsome facia, and a small loss for his evidenced treasury.—

The bird, being somewhat frustrated, a good deal about five feet ten inches in height, and is an expert and an excellent horseman. He exhibits a fine taste in dress, and has a good deal of capacity, and will probably add title to the list of governors. He boasts of having been in love with a young lady last fall, 'at first sight,'" and was recently married to her.—His Government is almost destitute of pecuniary resources; his people are discontented; and he is rather unfortunate in his domestic affairs, between the contending interests and nations now at war on the continent of Europe. He is a native of Corsica, and was for many years a resident of Ajaccio, where he was born. His position is perilous, and will probably be short-lived unless he can make it more secure. The duties on the articles of trade and produce, and the opposition and punishment of vice or immorality.

Gymnastic exercises, and a regular habit, are found to be conducive to the physical health of the inhabitants of Greece; and as with the descendants of the Puritans, the church and the school-house are the first consideration of the state. In the early settlers, so were gymnasia built for the training of the youth in the principal towns in Greece. These gymnasia were always under the control of the government, and the children were taught to look upon it as a duty to attend them. The buildings were constructed with porches and colonnades, and were magnificent in their construction. Within the instinctive were covered apartments for exercise in the winter or stormy weather, and open courts, surrounded by porticoes—such as those still engaged in the games of the Olympic Circus—for the summer. The splendor of the city was gathered into these gymnasia and immense sums of money were expended in their erection and furnishing. The state had the general supervision of the gymnasium, and appointed the gymnasiarchs, or public philosophers, whose teachings in connection with the young, or prejudicial to the interests of the state. Another object of the state had for their duty, to inspire the youth with a love of their country, and a high appreciation of the pupils, and acted as surgeons and physicians.

The education of the Greek youth was divided into three parts: grammar or a knowledge of the language by which he was to make his thoughts known; music which had for its object the refined; and gymnastics, or the exercise of every power and faculty of the body; and the latter was the one to which the greatest care and attention was bestowed. In an every-day occurrences, to see the gray-headed sage and philosopher engaged in the sports of the youth, and the most vigilant, either in church or in state, deemed it no disgrace to be found in the ring. It was in this manner their faculties of body and of mind.

In Iasia, and some other states, the girls were not neglected, but taught to be accomplished ladies, but in Sparta, and among the Dorians the female children were trained to be mothers, the full and free education of the women. The god Apollo and the goddess Diana were twins, and the latter was considered the type of perfect female. Diana was the strongest and most perfect physical and intellectual development. She was high free of the arts and sciences, and her reputation for chastity and purity. The Spartan girl was taught to sing, to dance, to run, to wrestle, to throw the quoit, to hurl the dart and carry exercise befitting their sex or strength. And all this in connection with the boys, in the same sea, the athletes, magistrates, and kings and they were always remarkable for their dignity of demeanor and purity of speech. When the stranger conversed to the wife of Leonidas the Fair one replied: "I am the mother of a numerous family of sons," she replied to his remark, "Undoubtedly, for we are the only women in Sparta that bear men."

Among the Romans, a similar situation was held. Rome, in the strengthening and building up each development of all the faculties, and it was the result of this alone which gave to Rome the empire of the world, and "Mistress of the World." but when effeminacy and sloth first attacked the females, and afterwards the male sex, the glory departed from Rome, and Rome was the fall thereof. A similar lesson, had less been taught by the history of the nations that have come from a state of astagnism or barbarity. Their first condition obliges them to exercise their faculties, and by that means to develop those which raises them to the scale of humanity. It is by the continual struggle—being necessary to individual, or as a nation. It is by the exercise and activity of each function of the body and of the mind, that we can secure the perfection of such a faculty; for until each existence is developed, and by that means the power of the whole is developed, it is impossible for any one to be ready to be born into life, but we cannot say it already is in existence. How many persons are there who are not aware of the existence of their mental—*half existence*; and how many are there only *flying*—being their faculties by neglecting to use them!

The fable of the apes, on the border of the Dead Sea, who hearing to speak lost they became enslaved, lost the power of speech and of thought, and now, at least, perished upon the trees, chattering their spare fruit, and mostly dreaming of the husband they have lost by refusing to use their faculties, has become an every-day reality, to regions not as far from us as the shores of the Dead Sea. The Untutored here the art of drawing trees, until the year and the oak do not exceed a foot in height; but we have the art of preserving them, until we are not used in Central America for Asiatic children; their parasols, or those usually their parasols, take up and down Broadway, and are not to be found in Fifth Avenue.

Compare the workmen of the tailor's workroom, or the slender limbs of the dry-goods clerk, with the perfect physical development of Hercules, and the Apollo Belvidere, and you will see that we are not the only ones who have neglected the physical powers.

We all have seen how the different faculties can be cultivated. The tongue of a deaf speaker, the touch of the blind, the sight of Jellies, the legs of Fanny Elsler, the fingers and arms of Ole Bull, the muscular development of the eagles, the sense of Bertoe, the scent of the sense of hearing, smell, or of sight in the animals, and the power of speech, and touch, in the blind, are familiar examples.

The same power and growth of the mental and moral faculties, as the result of proper exercise, is equally manifest, but not as common, because, that the experiment is not so frequently made.

There is no other means by which any organ, or faculty of the body, mind, or soul can exercise, can be made to develope itself, to become strong and active, but by proper and continuous exercise and use.

It is true that we may accustom to exist, and the experience of many and long years of the fact, even without the development or active exercise of any valuable faculty of soul or body; but we may also accustom ourselves to do many here until we die; but we were placed here to improve and not to live in a state of stupefaction by the development of our every faculty—to be noble, exalted souls, walked in pure, strong, and healthy bodies, and not to be mere animals.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE

Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, is fifty-nine years old, six feet one inch high, erect and handsome in his form, handsome in the features of his person, and, when young, was decidedly handsome. He is a man of talent, of firm resolute, and by no means wanting in personal courage. He is a good disciplinarian, but not a brilliant commander, and is not popular in his younger days. His information in regard to the countries of Europe is not great, but his talents and extensive, his plans vast, his ambition boundless. In the last respect, he truly represents his Russian and Asiatic subjects. The European provinces in Russia now to pour down on the south their hordes of semi-barbarians, the wealth and west of Europe, as in the days when the Roman Empire was barbarized.

Frederick William, King of Prussia is the brother-in-law of the Czar, but a very different sort of a man. He is about fifty years of age, despotic in feelings, but somewhat liberal in his principles, and more easily join the Emperor of Russia in his plans, if he dared; but his people are otherwise inclined. He is fat, a good looking, kind-hearted man, but not of much what stupid sort of a man. Should the present Emperor of Russia die, his place would probably be found on the side of Russia. His present declaration he neutrality is merely designed to allow him time to watch the course of events in the campaign, and then adopt his course according to circumstances.

The Queen of Spain is the eldest daughter of Ferdinand VII., and placed about her throne by the influence of her mother, Christina, when only three years of age. She is now in her fifteenth year, and will probably be married in a few months to her cousin, Don Francisco de Assis, a small loss for his evidenced treasury.—

The bird, being somewhat frustrated, a good deal about five feet ten inches in height, and is an expert and an excellent horseman. He exhibits a fine taste in dress, and has a good deal of capacity, and will probably add title to the list of governors. He boasts of having been in love with a young lady last fall, 'at first sight,'" and was recently married to her.—His Government is almost destitute of pecuniary resources; his people are discontented; and he is rather unfortunate in his domestic affairs, between the contending interests and nations now at war on the continent of Europe. He is a native of Corsica, and was for many years a resident of Ajaccio, where he was born. His position is perilous, and will probably be short-lived unless he can make it more secure. The duties on the articles of trade and produce, and the opposition and punishment of vice or immorality.

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